

Blinded By The Light(s)

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Blinded By The Light(s)

by [Bordementions](#)

Summary

Double the Overlord, double the horse sized horse girl cuddles

Notes

I know it says selfcest in the tags but not actually nsfw it's just them being narcissistic for each other cause they are both opera

Would you rather have 1\$ or 2\$ ass fic

Would you rather have one needy gay 7ft tall androgynous stupid horse ginger with a fagcent or 2 needy gay 7ft tall androgynous stupid horse gingers with a fagcent

Anyways yeah if I had two operas then I would be in jail within 30 minutes for cutting them up into 58 pieces and dipping them in boiling tar

I want him inside me

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The relentless tick of your wristwatch feels like a personal insult.

You stand by the edge of Tracen Academy's main track, clipboard clutched tightly in your hand, a whistle dangling uselessly from your neck.

Training was supposed to start forty-five minutes ago. Granted, T.M. Opera O being late isn't entirely unprecedented. You've long since learned that his concept of time is heavily dictated by dramatic timing; he has skipped out on warm-ups before just to hire a couple of younger students to throw rose petals ahead of him for a "triumphant midday arrival." You've tolerated the celebrations, the impromptu soliloquies, and the overwhelming theatricality because, at the end of the day, his talent on the turf is undeniable.

But this? This is entirely different. There is a grand entrance, and then there is complete and utter radio silence. Not a single person on campus has seen him all morning. He didn't even show up for breakfast.

"Unbelievable," you mutter to yourself, the heels of your shoes clicking sharply against the pavement as you turn on your heel, abandoning the track. The initial amusement you usually harbor for his eccentricities has completely evaporated, replaced by a simmering, white-hot frustration. You are his trainer, his director—as he would call it, the one holding the script—and he is completely blowing off production.

Your brisk, angry stride carries you all the way across the sprawling campus to the Ritto dormitory. The building is quiet, most of the students already out on the fields or in classrooms. You march up the stairs, your frustration mounting with every flight until you finally reach his floor. You stop dead in front of his door, take a deep breath, and raise your fist.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

"Opera!" you yell, your voice echoing down the empty hallway. "Open this door right now! You are nearly an hour late for training, and if this is another one of your ridiculous opening acts, I swear to the three goddesses I'm gonna lose my shit!"

Silence answers you. Not a dramatic laugh, not a booming proclamation of his own brilliance. Just dead, heavy silence.

Frowning, your worry briefly spikes past your anger. You march back down to the front desk, pull rank as a certified Tracen Trainer, and practically demand the spare key to his room. Armed with it in hand, you head back up, slide it into the lock, and twist. The door clicks open.

"Opera, I'm coming in!" you announce, stepping across the threshold.

The main living area of the dorm is empty. Hayahide is nowhere to be seen, likely out at her own practice. The space is relatively tidy, save for a few stray feather boas and a stray script lying on the coffee table. However, your eyes immediately lock onto the bedroom door at the end of the short hallway. It's firmly shut.

As you storm toward it, ready to tear it open, you stop. From the other side of the wood, you hear a muffled voice.

"...must ensure the drapery is secure! If the Trainer arrives—"

"Opera!" Your shout cuts through the door like a knife. The sheer audacity of it hits you all at once. He isn't sick, he didn't get caught up in a wardrobe malfunction—he is in there, completely ignoring his schedule, talking to someone else. "Open this door this instant! Who do you have in there?!"

Before your hand can even grasp the doorknob, there is a frantic explosion of rustling and footsteps, the door cracks open a couple inches. Opera's face pops into the gap.

To your utter shock, the usually unshakeable, blindingly confident Centurial Overlord looks completely terrified. His short, orange hair is a messy, ruffled nest, his crown is sitting completely askew on his head, and his eyes are wide with an emotion you have never seen on him before: pure, unadulterated panic. He is wearing a plush white bathrobe that has been so hastily tied around his body that the collar is completely uneven to the side, almost open.

"A-Ah! Trainer!" Opera squeaks, his voice hitting an octave that definitely wasn't operatic. He quickly catches himself, trying to force a trembling, theatrical smile onto his face. "Haaah... ha... H-How marvelous it is to behold your visage on this fine morning! Truly, a blessing unto the lands!"

"Save it," you snap, crossing your arms and glaring up at him. "Why aren't you on the track?"

"Alas! The sun itself experienced a momentary eclipse!" Opera proclaims, his hand flying to his forehead in a dramatic, albeit incredibly stiff, gesture of despair. "A tragic case of oversleeping! The heavy eyelids of mortality caught even the Overlord in their treacherous grasp! Yes, that is it! Therefore, I must humbly request you await my grand descent in the common room. I am... far from decent, you see! A king cannot be perceived in such a state of undress!"

You narrow your eyes. He is sweating. His eyes keep darting nervously over his shoulder back into the room, and he is physically bracing his massive body against the door to keep it from opening any further. You've spent months figuring out his tells, and right now, he is lying through his teeth.

"You're lying," you say, your voice dropping dangerously low. "I heard you talking to someone. If you skipped out on the training regimen I spent three nights perfecting just to fool around with someone, I am going to absolutely lose my mind, Opera."

"F-fool around?! Me?!" Opera gasps, his fluster intensifying as he presses harder against the door. "I assure you, fair Trainer, there is no one else of such radiant caliber in this room! You must step back—"

"Move, Opera!"

You grab the edge of the door, pulling with all your might, but his physically superior strength makes him an immovable wall. Seeing no other option, and thoroughly pushed past your limit, you raise your foot and bring your heel down squarely onto his bare, exposed foot sticking out from under the robe.

"YEEEEEEEOOOWWWCH!" Opera howls, a thoroughly un-regal shriek tearing from his throat as he instinctively hops back, clutching his now stomped foot.

With his weight gone, you shove the door open with a resounding BANG and storm into the bedroom.

"Alright, who is—"

The words catch in your throat. Your clipboard slips from your fingers, clattering loudly against the hardwood floor.

The room is in a state of mild chaos, but that isn't what catches your attention. Your eyes slowly drift over to the bed. Sitting right in the middle of the mattress, frantically scrambling to pull the bedsheets up to his chin to cover himself, is an umamusume.

He has short, orange-colored hair with tufts that rise up and curl. He has purple eyes with small, ringed pupils. Even with the sheets pulled up, you can see the golden ornaments clipped to his ears—the right one bearing distinct green jewel inserts.

You slowly blink, looking over at the bed. Then, you slowly turn your head back to the doorway, where Opera is still whimpering, nursing his bruised foot.

You look back at the bed. You look back at the door.

Sitting on the bed is a perfectly identical, second T.M. Opera O, staring back at you with the exact same wide-eyed, horrified, flustered expression as the first.

The silence in the room is deafening. Your brain completely shorts out, your hands dropping to your sides as you stare at the impossible double vision before you.

"What... the absolute..." you whisper, completely and utterly confused.

For a solid ten seconds, the only sound in the room is the rhythmic ticking of your watch. You stare at the Opera on the bed. You stare at the Opera by the door.

"Trainer! Please, lower thy gaze from the heavens of my duplicate!" the Opera by the door suddenly bursts out, waving his arms in a wild, panicked frenzy. He scrambles over to you, his bathrobe fluttering precariously. "Allow me to cast the light of truth upon this bedazzling twist of fate! It was none other than Agnes Tachyon! Yes, that mad scientist requested an assistant of unparalleled physical and aesthetic perfection for her latest, most daring experiment! And I, in my boundless benevolence, could not simply stand by and let genius go unaided!"

The Opera in the bed nods fervently, gripping the sheets tighter around his neck. "Verily! Such a great Overlord must support the progress of the arts and sciences!"

"Silence!" you bark, throwing a hand up. Your head is pounding behind your eyes. You rub your temples, trying to process the absolute

absurdity pouring out of his mouth. "Tachyon cloned you?!"

"An accidental byproduct of a potion meant to amplify my natural radiance!" Opera explains desperately, sweating bullets as he gestures to his double. "She... she was not entirely certain how to reverse the cosmic script, and thus, entrusted the clone to my care until a remedy can be concocted! I was merely trying to harbor myself from the storm!"

You stand there, completely speechless. As if today couldn't get any worse. As if your life wasn't already a daily exercise in patience dealing with one seven-foot-tall, over-the-top, hassle of a racer—now there are two of them.

The shock quickly morphs back into pure, unadulterated fury. You round on the Opera who just gave the explanation. "Are you out of your mind?! You skipped track practice because—"

"Alas, the scheduling conflict was—" both Operas begin in perfect, booming unison.

"Don't both of you start talking at once!" you yell, your voice cracking under the strain. You point a fierce finger at the one by the door. "I am talking to you! The original! The one who was supposed to be running laps an hour ago!"

"But Trainer, my soul sings with the same devotion—" the clone chimes in from the bed, looking wounded.

"I said shut up! I'm not talking to you yet!" You turn your head back to the original Opera, your eyes narrowing into dangerous slits. "You told me you were oversleeping! You told me you just needed time to get decent! But you were actually in here... getting it on with yourself instead of training?!"

"Verily I was not!" Original Opera gasps, his face flushing a violent, bright pink that rivals his cape. He places a hand over his chest, utterly scandalized. "I object! I fiercely object to this critique! Nothing of the sort was transpiring! We were merely getting acquainted with our shared majesty—"

"Oh, really?" you cut him off, your voice dripping with sarcasm. You step further into the room, pointing aggressively at the evidence scattered everywhere. "Then explain the literal trail of rose petals scattered across the mattress! Explain the half empty bottle of champagne resting on the nightstand!"

The original Opera opens his mouth, "That was merely to set the stage for a peaceful dialogue—"

"And explain why he," you whip around, glaring directly at the clone in the bed, "is completely naked under those covers?!"

The clone squeaks, his ears pinning flat against his head as he pulls the sheet so high it covers his mouth, leaving only his guilty purple eyes visible.

"It is a biological necessity for a newborn star!" Opera tries to defend, his voice cracking as he holds his hands up defensively. "Clothes are a restriction of the mortal realm! We were merely in the middle of a wardrobe consultation! Trainer, please, look into my eyes and see the innocence of a king!"

"I don't want to hear it!" You are practically vibrating with rage now. You turn your wrath toward the clone on the bed, stepping right up to the mattress and looming over him—or as much as a human can loom over an umamusume. "And you! I don't care if you're a clone, a robot, or a ghost! You have his face, you have his ears, and you have his exact same annoying voice! You should know better than to enable his laziness! I am berating you both! Both of you are grounded! No stage plays, no fan meetings, and no rose petals for a month!"

"A month?!" both Operas cry out in a tragic, heartbreaking chorus, looking as if you had just sentenced them to life in a dungeon.

"Yes, a month!" you yell back.

Trying to argue, reprimand, and manage a verbal ping-pong match between the two of them is quite literally the most exhausting thing you have ever done in your professional career. The sheer volume of their synchronized gasps, the overlapping excuses, and the sheer density of nonsense in the room starts to make your ears ring.

Your energy drops from a ten to a zero in a matter of seconds. The anger drains out of you, leaving behind a profound, bone-deep weariness. You can't do this. You physically and mentally cannot handle this today.

"I'm done," you mutter, your voice suddenly dropping to a dead, exhausted whisper. "I am so done."

"Trainer?" Opera asks, his tone shifting from dramatic panic to genuine, quiet worry as he steps closer.

You don't even look at him. Your legs feel like lead. You look at the bed, completely ignoring the fact that there is a giant, naked replica of your trainee currently occupying it.

"Move," you groan weakly to the clone.

"H-Huh? But Trainer, the drapery of my modesty—" he starts to stammer.

Before he can even finish his sentence, let alone actually move out of the way, your knees give out. You let yourself fall forward, completely collapsing onto the bed.

You hit the mattress flat on your face, burying your nose directly into the plush pillows and the soft, tangled sheets. Or, that's what you subconsciously expected, you actually don't just hit the mattress—you fall right on top of the clone, your torso draping heavily over his blanket-covered stomach.

The clone freezes instantly, turning completely into stone beneath you. A high-pitched squeak leaves his throat, his ears twitching wildly against the pillows as you pass out from exhaustion right on top of him, refusing to move a single inch. Opera stands by the door, his jaw dropped, completely at a loss for words.

You let out a long, muffled groan into the fabric of the mattress, refusing to lift your head. The physical presence of the Opera beneath you is impossible to ignore; he is massive, warm, and currently as stiff as a marble statue. For a few seconds, nobody moves.

Slowly though, he realizes you aren't going to get up or resume yelling. The tension in his body begins to melt away. He lets out a soft, hesitant breath. With a cautious, almost reverent slowness, he relaxes into the mattress, effectively letting you use his chest as a giant, incredibly plush pillow.

"T-Trainer...?" the clone whispers, his usual voice replaced by a quiet, flustered timidity.

You answer with another exhale, burying your face deeper into his shoulder.

Seeing that you aren't rejecting him, a soft look crosses the clone's face. Hesitantly, he brings a large hand out from beneath the sheets. His fingers hover over your head for a second before he gently rests his palm against your hair. He begins to stroke it with surprising

gentleness, smoothing down the stray strands. "Alas... the burdens of directing a star of my magnitude must be a heavy cross to bear. Rest your weary soul, fair guide..."

"Hey! What do you think you are doing?!"

The sharp whisper snaps from across the room. You don't even have to look to know that the original Opera is currently burning with a sudden, intense fire of jealousy. Watching his own duplicate receive the quiet, comforting affection of his beloved trainer is apparently a bridge too far for the Centurial Overlord.

"That is my trainer!" Opera huffs, marching over to the side of the bed with heavy, dramatic steps. His eyes are narrowed as he glares at his clone, who simply shoots him a smug, self-satisfied look in return while continuing to stroke your hair.

You feel the mattress sink heavily as the original Opera sits down on the edge. You are still far too angry and entirely too exhausted to deal with him, but you don't even have the energy to push him off. You just lie there, a captive audience to his nonsense.

Taking your silence as a green light, Opera begins to not-so-subtly worm his way onto the mattress. "Surely, a king deserves a place in this sanctuary of rest! The real sun cannot be left out in the cold while a mere shadow basks in your radiance!"

Before you can protest, he slides under the covers on the empty side of the bed, his size shifting the blankets. Within seconds, you find yourself completely and utterly sandwiched between them.

The original Opera wastes no time. He wraps a robed arm around your waist, pulling you snugly against his chest. "Ah, the warmth of destiny! See how naturally we fit into the script of comfort, Trainer?"

"Wait a moment! Do not monopolize our director's grace!" the clone protests. Not wanting to be outdone, he wraps his own arms around you from underneath, hugging you tightly against his torso.

Suddenly, your exhaustion is met with a brand-new problem: the sheer, overwhelming neediness of two identical narcissists.

"Trainer, look upon me," the original Opera pleads, his voice dripping with despair as he nuzzles his cheek against the top of your head. "Does my touch not bring a deeper sense of peace? Tell this pretender that my embrace is the true center stage!"

"Nonsense! I am the one who offered sanctuary in your hour of deepest peril!" the clone counters, tightening his grip and pulling you a fraction of an inch closer to his side. He shifts his head, pressing his forehead gently against your shoulder. "Gaze into my eyes, Trainer, and bestow your praise upon my benevolence!"

"No, look at me!"

"Look at me!"

What started as a moment of comfort instantly devolves into a silent, petty competition for your affection. They begin petting your hair, rubbing your back, and hugging you with an escalating fervor, each trying to prove they are the superior source of comfort.

Because of the massive size difference between you and the two umamusume, you are quite literally caught in the middle of a tug-of-war. Every time the original Opera pulls you closer to get a hug, his strength shifts you entirely. Then, the clone huffs, uses his own strength, and drags you back toward his chest.

"Guys..." you muffle out, your voice squeezed as you are compressed between the two walls of muscle. "Stop... moving me..."

"Forgive me, my dearest trainer! I am merely reclaiming what is rightfully mine!" Opera proclaims, nudging his clone's shoulder away with his elbow to secure more real estate around you.

"I shall not yield! The Overlord does not retreat from the stage of affection!" the clone fires back, subtly using his hip to shove the original back.

You are rolled to the left, then shifted to the right, completely at their mercy as they squish, hug, and pamper you from both sides. Despite the sheer absurdity of the situation, the constant stroking of your hair and the overwhelming warmth of the two begins to take its toll. Your eyes grow heavy. If you're going to be trapped in a bizarre sci-fi cloning nightmare, you might as well get a nap out of it.

The petty shoves and competitive nudges taper off into a quiet, mutual understanding. Realizing that their tug-of-war is only making you shuffle in discomfort, the two finally settle on an unspoken compromise.

Opera adjusts his grip, holding his arm around your waist to anchor you securely against his chest, while the clone rests his chin over the

crown of your head, draping his massive, blanket-wrapped frame over your back. You are completely and utterly sandwiched between them, trapped in a fortress of warmth, soft velvet, and plush sheets.

At this point, you are simply too exhausted from the chaotic trajectory of your morning to even begin parsing the sheer, unadulterated madness of the situation. An hour ago, you were ready to tear the dorm apart; now, you are hopelessly entangled with twice as much Overlord, treating you like their most prized possession. The bizarreness of it fades into the background, drowned out by the slow, steady thrumming of their hearts and the comforting, warm rise and fall of their chests.

With a soft, defeated sigh, you let your muscles relax completely, sinking into the overwhelming warmth of the double embrace.

"Ah... look at our fair director," Original Opera murmurs, his voice dropping to a rare, gentle whisper as he brushes a stray lock of orange hair from his own face. "The tempest has passed, and peace returns to the theater."

"Verily," the clone breathes back, his hand resting gently on your back, giving a slow, soothing pat. "Sleep well, our guiding star. The Overlords shall keep watch over your slumber."

Ensnared in the absolute quiet of the room, surrounded by the scent of roses and the soft, content purring from your racers, your eyes finally flutter shut. Wrapped tightly in their synchronized embrace, you drift off into a deep, much-needed nap, leaving the problem of a duplicated Centurial Overlord for future you to solve.

End Notes

Fawkkkk Opera I'm pregnant and it's yours

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